THE PACIFIC

Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

VOL. LX. SAN FRANCISCO AND BERKELEY, CAL., SEPTEMBER 22, 1910. No. 38

PACIFIC
Theological Seminary

THE DEEP DOWN THINGS.

The Deep-Down Things are strong and great,
Firm fixed, unchangeable as fate,
Inevitable, inviolate,
The Deep-Down Things.

The truth endures. Men pass from youth,
Books, creeds and systems suffer ruth;
Change has no dart can slay the truth—
The truth endures.

The Deep-Down Things! All winds that blow,
All seething tides that roam and flow
May smite but cannot overthrow
The Deep-Down Things.

The surge of years engulfs the land
And crumbles mountains into sand,
But yet the Deep-Down Things withstand
The surge of years.

Behind the years that waste and smite,
And topple empires into night,
God dwells unchanged in changeless light
Behind the years.

The Deep-Down Things! Of little faith
Is he who fears they suffer scathe—
Impervious to the darts of death—
The Deep-Down Things.

—Sam Walter Foss.

THE PACIFIC

Established 1851

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast. Subscription price $1.50 a year.

Published weekly by the Publishing Co. of The Pacific, at 447 Minna Street, San Francisco.

(The editor and manager is at 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, and prefers to have all letters so addressed.)

Entered as second-class matter January 5, 1909, at the Post Office at San Francisco, Cal., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

W. W. FERRIER.....Editor

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley.

MONEY'S GRAVITATION.

One of our San Francisco readers writes us:

"Concerning your article on the automobile craze; couldn't you give us an article on the great economic fact that money gravitates just as naturally from those that cannot use it wisely, to those that are capable of handling money wisely, as that water runs down hill."

We have been wondering what there was in the automobile article to suggest this line of thought. Perhaps it was the merely incidental remark that the large amount of money that was being spent for automobiles went into the coffers of two trusts in one of which J. Pierpont Morgan holds a big stake.

The inference seems to be that it is all right that money gravitate toward Mr. Morgan for the reason that he employs it in great enterprises that are for the general prosperity and good. We have no objections to such gravitation in general. As stated in an editorial in The Pacific for September 1, the country needs the right kind of rich men, and we would be pleased to hear less howling down of rich men and riches. But we do not think it for the general good that money that should be spent by the common people for homes and the necessaries of life should go toward the luxury of an automobile and in this way into the coffers of the rich. The objection is, however, to the extravagance on the part of the common people and not to the course taken by the money.

And now a few words as to the fact that money does graviate as our friend states in his letter. It does so gravitate. And in the foregoing we have said that we have no objection to such gravitation in general. But this remark should be qualified somewhat. Although there is such a gravitation and although the men to whom it gravitates are not to be blamed if they accumulate fairly, it cannot be said that such gravitation is for the general good. In our judgment the wealth of the world more evenly distributed would be much more for the good of humanity than to have immense accumulations in the hands of a few. Asd it is to be hoped that the time will come when the great majority will be capable of handling money wisely and when this gravitation into the hands of a few will come to an end. In that day great industrial enterprises will be carried on just as successfully as they now are. Combinations of capitalists and capital can effect this. It is better that one hundred men should own property worth one hundred million dollars than that one should own it alone.

SOMETHING UNIQUE IN PACIFIC COAST HISTORY.

Nothing like it ever happened before on the Pacific Coast, and so far as we know nowhere else in the United States. A preacher of the gospel standing in the pulpit of the church organized by him sixty years before and leading in administering the communion! Such was the experience of the Rev. Dr. Samuel H. Willey in Howard Presbyterian Church, San Francisco, last Sunday morning.

Dr. Willey came to Monterey in 1849, commissioned by the American Home Missionary Society, an organization supported by the Congregational and New School Presbyterian churches. Monterey was the seat of the territorial government and army headquarters. When a little later the State of California was organized and the capital removed from Monterey and the army headquarters also, it left only a few English-speaking people in Monterey, and a larger field of usefulness was found by him in San Francisco in 1850. On the 15th of September, 1850, Dr. Willey and the Rev. T. Dwight Hunt, the pastor of the First Congregational Church, as officiating ministers, organized and recognized as a Church of Christ, according to the standards and rules of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, the Howard Presbyterian Church of San Francisco. It had only four charter members. But an ecclesiastical society was connected with it in which several other persons had membership—persons who did not yet know whether their stay in California would be of much duration or who, with membership in other churches thus aided the new enterprise in a missionary spirit. Among these was Stephen S. Smith of sacred memory in San Francisco Congregationalism, and David N. Hawley, one of the charter members of the First Congregational Church, who a little later became a member of Howard Church and continued with it until a few years before his death when he again united with the First Congregational.

For twelve years Dr. Willey ministered in Howard Presbyterian Church, leaving it when he became identified with the College of California out of which sprung the University of California.

Last Sunday, on the 60th anniversary of its organization, although close to his 90th birthday, he stood in the pulpit and took part in the services with remarkable mental and physical vigor. He read from the Bible without need of glasses, and his voice had the ring and fiber of one not more than up to the half-century mark. Of course Dr. Willey's thoughts went from the church on earth to the church in heaven, and he thanked God for its adherents here and as well for those already over there. Optimistic now as ever this beloved veteran of the Cross saw the kingdom of God in these latter days so coming down out of heaven upon the earth as to have vision of the near approach of that day when God's will is to be done on earth as it is in heaven.

The pastor of Howard Church, the Rev. William Nat Friend, spoke of Dr. Willey as truly their pastor emeritus, and in a brief sketch of the church said that much of good that had come to it was due to the strength of the foundation laid so spiritually by Dr. Willey during his pastorate of twelve years; and it was a glad welcome which he and all gave to him who he said was truly a father in the house of his sons and daughters.

A JEWISH RABBI IN A CONGREGATIONAL PULPIT.

The pulpit of the First Congregational church of San Francisco was occupied last Sunday evening by Rabbi Levy of Congregation Beth-Israel. The sermon was on the words, "Hallowed Be Thy Name." It was concerning law—its ab-

soluteness, justifiableness and righteousness. To ignore God's laws is to invite suffering. There can be no health or prosperity without obedience to divine law. The trials and pains of life were regarded as God's ways of testing men, and of leading them on to better things, though there is much of pain in human life that cannot be attributed to God. God was presented as Love, and all the tendencies of the universe, said the Rabbi, are toward righteousness.

In his introductory remarks Rabbi Levy paid beautiful tribute to the Rev. Dr. Adams as a great-hearted man, to whom it had been given to proclaim God from that pulpit in a grandly influential way for fourteen years, and whom he was glad to call his friend.

The Scripture reading was an Old Testament selection. There was one reference in the sermon to the New Testament, when were quoted the words, "God is Love," and mention was made of Saint John at the one who had written them.

The hymns used were two by Isaac Watts. One was that with the stanzas:

"O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

"Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her form,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same."

The other hymn was the Missionary chant:

"Kingdoms and thrones to God belong;
Crown him ye nations in your song,
His wondrous name and powers rehearse;
His honors shall enrich your verse.

"Proclaim him king, pronounce him blest,
He's your defense, your joy, your rest,
When terrors rise and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint."

The choir chanted the Lord's' Prayer, and sang "Thy Will Be Done" and "Gently, Lord, O Gently Lead Us."

There was a large congregation, and the service was worshipful throughout.

MULTIPLYING A PREACHER'S INFLUENCE.

Messrs. Wood & Cowdery of Oakland are doing good service in giving to the public in attractive pamphlet form frequent sermons by the pastor of the First Congregational church of that city. Mr. Brown's sermons always read well, and in them there is ever a helpful message. One good lady of our acquaintance buys many of them as they are published and sends them out widely to friends. Mr. Brown preaches to large congregations, but by the printed page his influence for good is multiplied greatly.

Among the latest sermons to be published is one entitled "The Secret of an Effective Life." In this sermon Mr. Brown shows how the weak life may be made strong—physically, mentally and spiritually. In considering the mental life, he says: "The great thing to be desired in mental life is not to have more information than anybody else. This may not add much to real efficiency. It is not to have a fuller measure of technical training. This has its value, but it may miss that which is vital. The main thing is to possess insight, grasp and the power of concentration. Put such a man down with a book or a problem, with a piece of machinery, or some difficult situation in business, and he will know what to do with it. He will intelligently set about the mastery of that particular job. He may not be up in that line, but his sound mind will give him capacity for accomplishment.

"This too is a quality which can be cultivated. It grows as muscles grow, by right use. Let any young man set himself to the plain task of forming the habit of seeing straight, not wobbly or crooked; let him habitually report things as they are, not some wild approximation of them or some rosy fairy-tale about them; let him undertake in any and every situation where he finds himself to draw conclusions from the material offered which will pass as sane and not foolish; and in doing that regularly, just as he goes to bed every night and gets up again the next morning, he will add cubit after cubit to the stature of his sound mind."

As to the spiritual life the thought is: "God gives us spiritual bread in the same way that He gives us ordinary bread. He gives it to us when we meet conditions wisely and co-operate patiently with His own energy."'

This sermon on "The Secret of an Effective Life" closes as follows:

"When you go home tonight sit down and write a promissory note. Date it August 28th, 1910. The very date '1910' will cause you to think. It is that long since the One on whose help we must all rely was born in Bethlehem of Judea. Make the note payable to yourself. Let it read like this—'In the name and by the help of God, I promise to pay to myself, ninety days after date, a sounder body, a clearer mind, a kinder heart than I now possess.' Sign it and seal it and deliver it. Then having taken that step set yourself to the task of meeting that obligation when it falls due. You can do it if you will. By your thinking and your speaking, by your action and your prayer, make those deposits in the bank of your inner life which will enable you to pay that debt in full at the end of ninety days. You will find as you move out definitely and regularly along the line of this divine purpose for you that God will be giving you not the spirit of fear, but of power and of love and of a sound mind."

EARLY CALIFORNIA DAYS.

E. P. Flint.

[At the recent dedication of the pipe organ in Plymouth Church, Oakland, Mr. E. P. Flint, a member of the First Congregational Church, gave an address so abounding in interesting reminiscences that we asked him to furnish it for publication in The Pacific. We have entitled it "Early California Days."—Editor.]

When Mr. Palmer invited me to tell the story of this organ, I suggested that I tell also something about early days in California. As I have thought on the subject, and have read some of the history of the State, I concluded that I must speak on the conditions before, as well as after the discovery of gold. The early history of California is strange and interesting. The country laid fallow and unoccupied, excepting the Missions strung along the Coast, and a few ranches on the east side of San Francisco Bay, for more than a hundred years, waiting for the coming of the Americans, when the time should arrive for the discovery of gold, and the opening of the Golden Gate to the multitudes which flocked hither. Other nations, especially England, had coveted this country, but

the English Government had refrained from any overt acts of occupation, knowing our Government was watching its movements, and it would have us to deal with, as it had in Oregon only a few years previously.

Soon after the acquisition of Florida and the Louisiana Purchase by the United States in 1804, Jefferson declared that our possessions must extend to the Pacific Ocean, and our Government made offers to Mexico to purchase California, which were declined. Finally, the frequent conflicts on the Rio Grande, the disputed boundary line betwen Mexico and Texas, culminated in our country, declaring war against Mexico. President Polk took advantage of the situation to capture California. Commodore Sloat, acting under orders from Washington, lowered the Mexican flag and raised the Stars and Stripes over the Custom House in Monterey on July 7th, 1846.

There was a Power behind these events, which preserved this coveted land from other nations, until the time was ripe for it to come into the possession of the United States, to whom it naturally belonged. It was the Providence of God. He rules in the affairs of Nations and of men.

Admission Day should not be passed without recalling what the forty-niners did for our country when, in the convention in 1849 in San Jose, which adopted the State constitution, a clause was unanimously inserted that slavery should be forever excluded from the soil of California. When the constitution was presented before Congress a contest began between the Northern and Southern Senators which lasted for eight long months, but ended finally in the admission of California, with two new Senators pledged against slavery, and the equilibrium in the United States Senate was destroyed. From that day the work of secession began, and ended in the great Civil War, which made this a free country.

The first published acocunt of California was in "Two Years Before the Mast." Dana came around Cape Horn in 1835, on the trading brig "Pilgrim," shipping before the mast for the benefit of his health, and on returning to Boston he published the book in 1840. He described the small Mexican settlements from San Diego to San Francisco, which were visited by the trading vessels, exchanging goods for the hides and tallow, which were the only exports from California. I have met people who came here as early as 1845. Mr. Wm. M. Mendenhall, who is living near here, came across the plains in that year. A company of ten young men was formed in Michigan, and came over on horseback, no wagon, and few provisions, for there was an abundance of Buffalo meat and other game on the route. A man named Hastings had returned from California, and published a pamphlet which aroused the interest of many people in the new and interesting country west of the Rocky Mountains—California! The name had a charm, which remains until today.

The Mendenhall Company was only one of many which crossed the plains in 1845-6, and after the news of the flag raising at Monterey became known throughout the Eastern States, many more adventurers began to drift hither, so that by the fall of 1847, there were several thousand Americans in the settlements.

The discovery of gold came in January, 1848. It did not attract much attention at first, and people in San Francisco and Monterey were not interested until men began to return from the mines, and showed the gold dust they had dug out of the ground. The stories they told of the abundance of gold in the valleys and along the rivers, among the mountains, and of the miners taking gold from the crevices of the rocks with an old iron spoon, created an interest which spread until the settlements were almost deserted. As the news spread to Oregon, Mexico, Sandwich Islands and Chili, men soon began to arrive from these countries, getting to the mines as fast as possible. This immigration continued, and finally the news reached the United States, and then began a tremendous rush to California across the plains, and by sailing vessels from the Atlantic ports. Many companies were formed to buy and provision their own vessels, some starting out in 1848, and many more in 1849. These companies expected to work together in the mines, but most of them sold the vessels on arriving here, and each man struck out for himself, carpenters getting from ten to twenty dollars per day, but, of course, board and lodging was correspondingly high. All provisions in 1848 came from the Sandwich Islands and Mexico, and Chili, which sent large supplies of flour in sacks, and from surplus stores sold from passenger vessels. In 1849, shipments of provision and groceries began to come in from Boston and New York.

In this year, the first steamship arrived from Panama, crowded with passengers and before long other steamers were sent around Cape Horn, connecting at Panama with steamers from New York, and all were taxed to the utmost in carrying the passengers flocking to California. Our Government had contracted with Howland and Aspinwall, a New York mercantile firm, to build two steamships, the "California" and "Oregon," to be sent around the Horn to Panama, to run from there to San Francisco and Astoria, to carry U. S. mails, and probably a few passengers. These ships sailed from New York in 1848, before the news of the gold discovery reached there, and on arriving at Panama, they were met by a crowd of men who had reached the Isthmus by sailing vessels from New Orleans, and later from New York. It was estimated that in 1849, forty thousand people came into the port of San Francisco, and thirty thousand across the plains. The immigration was kept up in 1850, the year in which I came, and the arrivals were certainly as many as in 1849. The rush across the Isthmus was very great, every steamer being crowded to excess.

Up to this time, the lands around the bay were in possesion of a number of Spanish families, who had received large grants of land from the Mexican Government. For instance, the Peralta family occupied a grant extending from the present northern boundary line of Alameda county to San Leandro Creek on the south, to the hills on the east and the Bay on the west, containing 22,000 acres. Within ten years after 1850, the bulk of all these lands had fallen into the hands of the Americans. The Mexican owners were ignorant of the value of the land and of our laws and customs. They borrowed money at usurious rates, mortgages were soon foreclosed, and their lands were sold for a song.

My father came out here from Boston in 1849 and engaged in business with a friend from Salem, Mass., who sailed thence in November, 1848, in a vessel loaded with an assorted cargo. She arrived here in June, 1849, and was sailed up the river to Sacramento, tied up to the bank at the foot of J street, and the cargo was sold over the side as fast as it could be delivered, at a very large profit. The vessel, the barque "Eliza," was sold to the California Navigation Company, and served as the landing barge for the steamer "Senator" for many years. The new firm of Flint and Peabody were glad to find board and lodging in a tent on the side of Telegraph Hill, until they could get lumber for a building, which was erected on Clark's Point, afterwards the corner of Broadway and Front street. I came out via Panama, and joined the firm in 1850, when

it was changed to Flint, Peabody and Co., one of the earliest and largest shipping and commission houses in San Francisco.

Leaving New York on a crowded steamship, in eight days we landed at Chagres, at the mouth of the river of that name, where we found a few huts, and a mixed lot of boatmen waiting to convey us in boats and canoes to Gatun, the head of navigation, the voyage taking from twenty-four to forty-eight hours. At Gatun, we remained over night in a native hut, the fowls roosting on poles overhead, the pigs on the earth floor, and the parrots everywhere. The next morning we started on horseback over the mountains to Panama, the ride taking from six to nine hours, over horrible trails, with continual tropical showers of rain, a very hard and exhausting trip. We traveled over the same route used by the Spanish buccaneers in transporting the gold and silver, and other spoils, wrung from the cities of Peru and Mexico, and we rode over remnants of a paved causeway made by these men about A. D. 1600. After waiting ten days in Panama for the return of the steamship "Tennessee" from San Francisco, we embarked on her, and after an uncomfortable passage, owing to the extremely crowded condition, we arrived in San Francisco, passing through the Golden Gate, June 20, 1850, on the sixteenth day from Panama. The Marin county hills were covered with the yellow sheen of wild oats, which caused some to remark that perhaps this was the reason for calling the entrance the Golden Gate. The steamship anchored a mile from the shore, and the passengers with their baggage were taken ashore in row boats. I kept up my acquaintance with the two young men who rowed me to the landing at Clark's Point, and it will interest you to learn that one was Patrick Crowley, who became the efficient and popular Chief of Police in San Francisco for twenty-five years, between 1866-1897, and the other was Capt. Charles Mayo, who was a pilot for the port of San Francisco for about the same time, and is now a Director of the Hibernia Savings Bank in San Francisco. The waterfront extended from Clark's Point in a crescent to Rincon Hill, and the waters of the Bay came up to Montgomery street, and between Jackson and California streets was the city front, boats landing along the beach. Our warehouse and office were at the foot of Broadway, and to reach Montgomery street, we climbed the hill two or three blocks to get up to the line of Montgomery street, and then descended to the level of that street. A fire had occurred only a few days before I arrived, and nearly all the buildings along Montgomery street were in ruins, and, as the water came up to the lower side of the street, a sidewalk was constructed after the fire, and in most places it was two or three feet above the water, and was railed on both sides, for the protection of people walking there, especially at night. The street had not been graded, and things looked pretty rough in San Francisco at that time. One day I walked around the shores of the Bay to call on Mr. Willey, the aged Congregational minister, who is now living in Berkeley. I followed the beach around First and Mission streets to reach his house on Minna street, near Second.

San Francisco was then covered with sand hills from California street southward, and one had to go around by the beach as I did, or climb over the sand hills to reach Market and Mission streets. There was a place called Happy Valley among the sand hills about at Mission and Third streets. The first cemetery in San Francisco was located on Market street, away out in the sand hills, where the City Hall was built. The only way to get to the cemetery and the old mission was by a planked toll road out Mission street, Kearny street also having been planked from the Plaza to Mission street. Everything else was covered with sand so deep that it was difficult to travel through it.

The First Congregational Church had erected a building about 25 by 50 feet in size, a very plain little building, on the side hills of Jackson, above Stockton street. The platform for the minister was opposite the door, and in the front right-hand corner, behind the door, was a little platform for the choir. The choir was composed of five or six men. There were no ladies, very few women in California at that time. Mr. Titcomb, who was a fellow-passenger of mine, was the volunteer organist. Rev. T. Dwight Hunt, who had come to California in 1848, was the first pastor of the church, coming from the Sandwich Islands, where he went as a missionary from the American Board, and had begun to organize a church for the foreigners in Honolulu, but on the breaking out of the gold excitement, his congregation fell away, and so many came over to this coast that he thought he might as well follow, so he came here very early in 1848. The citizens of San Francisco gave him a hearty welcome, and appointed him chaplain, with a salary of twenty-five hundred dollars per annum, and he preached in a little schoolhouse on the Plaza for nearly a year. The next year, 1849, other ministers began to arrive, and by the middle of the year, Mr. Williams of the Presbyterian Church, Mr. Wheeler of the Baptist Church, and one or two others were on the ground, and began to organize churches, and Mr. Hunt organized the First Congregational church. Rev. T. Dwight Hunt was the first Protestant minister in California, and he was a Congregationalist.

In 1852, the First Congregational Church began to feel the need of a larger church building, and plans were made to buy a lot and build a new church. The lot was bought on the southwest corner of California and Dupont streets. A contract was made with a builder in San Francisco to build the church, and to advance the money with interest at two per cent a month. Certain members of the church and congregation guaranteed him against loss, and that he should receive his money for the church when it was completed. The work began late in the Fall, and California street, as you know, has a very steep slope above Dupont street, and they graded into the hill, and began to lay the walls. The bank in the rear was probably 20 feet high. With the first heavy rains the bank began to cave, and it finally came down right over the walls of the church and the progress of building was stopped. We had not realized up to that time what it meant to dig into a clay bank in San Francisco. So the work on the building was stopped until the beginning of 1853. In the meantime, interest on the money they had spent was running at the rate of two per cent a month, but the building was completed, and dedicated some time in July, I think the 12th of July, in 1853.

In the meantime, the lack of an organ had been felt, and we had discussed how we could get one. We knew we would have to send to Boston or New York for the organ, which would be shipped around Cape Horn. In the Fall of 1852 I was preparing to go to Boston for my first visit home, and my father suggested that I should see some of the merchants in Boston and Salem, who were shipping goods to our firm, and making large profits, and see if they would contribute the money to pay for an organ for the new church. I set about it as soon as I arrived, and had no difficulty in raising the money. Together with our firm, three other firms contributed, the firm of Twombly

& Lamson, and Glidden & Williams in Boston, and John Bertram in Salem. The organ was ordered according to the specifications Mr. Titcomb had sent on. It was completed as soon as possible, and was shipped in the Fall of 1852, the owner of the ship giving free transportation. It arrived here in 1853, after the dedication of the church. I remember how large and bare the organ loft appeared in that church, with a little melodeon, which was played upon by Mr. Titcomb and with the same choir, which had been joined by two or three ladies. There was tedious waiting for the arrival of the organ. It took generally 150 to 160 days for a vessel to make the voyage around Cape Horn. Ship owners soon began to build clipper ships for the California trade, which came around in 120 days, and then in 100 days, and later they got down to 89 and 92 days. The clipper ships Flying Cloud and Flying Fish making those voyages in 1851. That was what California did for the development of the shipping trade of the country. California gave a great impetus to all kinds of business in the United States. The raising of the flag in Monterey on the 7th of July, 1846, was an epoch-making day for our country. The discovery of gold and the rush of people to this coast developed the trade of the United States in a wonderful manner. There was a call for all sorts of goods and all kinds of manufactured articles. The people who came here did not bring much with them. There was a demand for everything to eat and wear, and indeed, for everything you can think of. The vessels that came here were loaded with cargoes designed for the miners, and for the use of the people in the country. They consisted of a great variety, from papers of pins up to pickaxes and shovels; and all sorts of provisions, furniture, carpets, boots and shoes, clothing, etc., and one article you would not think of was wedding cakes encased in tin—not for the weddings that might occur here, but for the miners, who demanded the best of everything, and those wedding cakes sold like hot cakes wherever they were sent in the mines.

But, to return to the organ. When it arrived, and was set up in the church it was the occasion of great rejoicing. Mr. Titcomb assumed the charge of the organ, and gave freely of his time to the development of the choir. He presided over the organ for a number of years. In the meantime, his family had come out to California, and his daughter, Mrs. Ward, of Alameda, is in the house tonight. After Mr. Titcomb's time expired Mr. Trenkle, a German, played on the organ for several years. Then Harry Hunt, the son of Mrs. Jonathan Hunt, who is living near here at the great age of one hundred years, only about seventeen years old at the beginning, who played probably five or six years. Then, I think, we had a Mr. Sweetser, a business man from Boston; then Dr. Geo. H. Powers, and later, the veteran organist, Mr. Samuel D. Mayer, who is present tonight.

This organ was used in the First Congregational Church in San Francisco about forty years, until the gift of a new organ was made by Miss Crocker of Sacramento, when the old organ was taken down and stored in an organ-maker's loft in San Francisco. About that time Mrs. Wm. C. Little, who was residing in Oakland, concluded she would try to raise the money to buy it for the Plymouth Avenue Church, where she attended. The first call she made was on Mr. Moses Hopkins of San Francisco, who had been very liberal to the Pacific Theological Seminary, and he made quite a good subscription as a beginning. Then, by means of personal solicitation, and concerts, and suppers, she succeeded in raising nearly two thousand dollars needed to buy the organ and set it up in the Plymouth Avenue Church. The organ was in use there until the consolidation of the Plymouth Avenue Church with Oak Chapel, forming this church under the name of Plymouth Congregational Church. Then the organ was brought and set up here, and here it is tonight. I am very glad it has been recently overhauled and renewed, and is as good as new.

I wanted to speak about the Vigilance Committee of San Francisco, but I hardly expected to have time for that tonight. I must tell you that of the Executive Committee of twenty of the Vigilance Committee of 1856, I am one of only two survivors. I would like some time to tell you the history of that committee, because it cleaned out the city of San Francisco, which was in as bad a condition as when Schmidt and Ruef ruled over it. The people of that day did not hesitate to sacrifice their business to drive out the gang of ballot-box stuffers and grafters, whose boldness in iniquity had become unbearable. They did not consider whether business was going to be hurt, by forming the Vigilance Committee. Business was almost suspended for three or four months, while the committee had charge of the city, but they did not consider that. The committee hung some of the worst criminals, banished the rest, and inaugurated an honest and clean municipal government in San Francisco.

RESCUING THE PERISHING.

W. N. Burr.

"God has given to every people a prophet in its own speech," is a saying of the Arabs. It has never been quite clear to me why it should be thought a thing desirable among high school and college students to indulge in school slang, at a time when training in exact speech would seem to be, in the nature of the case, one of one's aims in life. But I have found during the past summer a place where speech well peppered with slang words and phrases seems to be almost a necessity. Consecrated slang may be the strong bow that shall speed the arrow to the mark.

At the Union Rescue mission in Los Angeles may be heard every night in the week the whizz and clatter of consecrated slang. Men who have been "up against it" understand what is being talked about if the experience is referred to after exactly that manner. The same thing put in academic language would put some of them to sleep. The Rescue mission prophets are experts in the language of the streets, and theirin lies something of the secret of their success in reaching men of the street.

It is a delight to look into the earnest face of Superintendent George Trotter as he shoots slang words and phrases at the very hearts of his hearers. That man is one of the nobles of the kingdom, if his speech is punctuated with slippery periods. "The light that never was on sea or land" trickles into his smile and glows in his heart-appeals, and you cannot but feel that here is a man who has been with Jesus and learned of Him "deeper" lessons than any taught by exact grammarians and rhetoricians.

He is a brother of "Mel" Trotter, the well-known Rescue mission evangelist, the "Mel" Trotter who, speaking once of his own days of debauchery said that he "went so low down that he had to reach up to touch bottom." George Trotter has had a somewhat similar experience. It brings the tears to hear him tell the story of his earlier life and of his rescue "in a rescue mission just like this ten years ago last March."

And it brings more than tears. It causes men who are

"down and out" just as George Trotter once was to catch a glimpse of the star of hope, and to strike hands with "the same Savior that saved and has kept me from falling for ten years now. It isn't my own will-power that has done it, men. I haven't will-power enough to resist all the forces that have bucked against me all these years to draw me back into sin. It is Jesus Christ that has saved me and kept me from falling, and 'O, that my Savior were your Savior, too!' "

"Frenzied religion!" does some one say? Not in this case. The evidences of a Christ-filled life are apparent. You see it in the man's face, you feel it in his presence, you sense it as one after another the hands of men besotted or in despair are raised for prayer, and he comes and takes those hands in his and says, "my brother!"

And the testimonies that come thick and fast from the men who, from time to time, have been rescued from shameful lives thrill the soul of the kingdom-lover.

"It is over five years ago now since I first came to this mission," says one. "I was a drunkard, and a gambler, and a complete wreck, physically, morally, financially. I had been well educated, but I had misused my education. I had money at one time, but I spent it all in riotous living. I had a wife and children, but they would have nothing to do with me. I had a mother, but she was back East, and just about heart-broken over my wild life. One night with something in my pocket with which I had planned to put an end to my miserable life that very night I stumbled into this very mission. I saw those words up there on the wall, 'How long since you wrote to mother?' I heard the songs and the prayers and the testimonies, and a little glimmer of hope came to me and I went forward, and I prayed the publican's prayer, and somehow a little more hope came streaming in, and I just cut loose and gave myself up to Christ. And now for five years I have been trying to serve Him. I've got clothes tonight that are fit to wear, and I've got the jingle in my pocket, and I've got a good business, and lots of friends; but best of all I have the peace of God which passeth all understanding in my heart, and I want to say to any man here who is down and out that Jesus Christ can do for you just what He has done for me."

"Who will give the first testimony tonight?" called Superintendent Trotter one evening; and a man in the back of the house arose quickly and said: "I guess it had better be me. I came in here last night just about as despondent as a man can be. I was just about overwhelmed with trouble. I had a little account at the bank—it was not financial trouble that had come to me, but something a million times worse. I had my preparations all made to commit suicide last night. I had a certain amount of money in my pocket that was to be used to pay my burial expenses; and I had something else in my pocket that was to put me where I would have to be buried. I had arranged that the money I had in the bank was to be used to help the poor. I was all ready to commit the deed when I came in here and heard that man over there tell his story, and I concluded if he could be down where he said he was, and be helped, and get along so well for over five years that there was hope for me; so I just made up my mind then and there that I would take Jesus Christ and get life, instead of taking poison to destroy life; and I am here tonight to say that this has been the first day for months that I have had any sense of peace and happiness."

A man who had been a drunkard, gambler, house-breaker, and penientiary convict tells the story of his rescue at the mission nearly six years ago.

"My story is a little different, but not so very different after all," says another. "Last Friday night I was standing across the street from this mission half-drunk, and I started to cross the street to hit the saloon near by and to load on a little more booze, but the singing in here or something pulled me into the mission instead of the saloon. And as I sat here and heard the men who have been saved from the low life I was leading, I said, 'If it's for them it must be that I can have it, too;' and I raised my hand for prayer and went forward, and now for three days I haven't touched a drop of liquor. I'm determined to hold on to Jesus Christ for salvation all the rest of my life. There'll be temptations, no doubt, but if He is able to keep others from falling He'll keep me. I've been a clown in a circus for years. Have traveled almost all over the world, and have money coming in most of the time. Sometimes I would make as much as $60 a week, but I would blow it all in for drinks and low living about as soon as I got it. I had a wife and children, too, but they have had nothing to do with me for some time."

Once in a while one meets the man who says: "Why don't the churches get down to rock-bottom work like this, instead of settling down on some fine up-town corner and having pleasant little religious services with a paid choir and a slick man in the pulpit to entertain them?" Let Superintendent George Trotter, of this Union Rescue mission, answer:

The mission workers are frequently assisted by the pastors and Christian Endeavor societies of the up-town churches. One evening the "message" was brought by Dr. Hugh K. Walker, pastor of the Immanuel Presbyterian church, and quite a number of his workers were with him, among them several strong, substantial business men. In introducing Dr. Walker that night Superintendent Trotter said:

"We are always glad to have our friend Dr. Walker with us. A man said to me the other day that he sometimes attends our meetings here, but that he has never taken any part in them because he is not a member of the mission. I want it distinctly understood that a Rescue mission has no mission membership. Our membership is up in the churches. This is just an arm of the church reaching out to save these poor fellows who drift into the glare and temptation of this part of the city, and will drift to destruction if somebody does not get hold of them. I am here as a member of the church to do this work. I am glad to acknowledge myself a church member, and if I were not a member of some church I would hustle around and get in somewhere just as soon as possible. It is the church of Jesus Christ that is back of this Rescue mission work. Our officers and directorate are men from the large up town churches; and tonight it is the pastor of one of the largest in the city who is to give us our message."

Two weeks before I had heard Dr. Walker at a Sunday evening service in his own church. He had just returned from a trip around the world, and that evening he spoke on "Paris, the Patron of Art." And it was very evident that Dr. Walker is quite an art student, having familiarized himself with the Old World galleries, and with the history of art.

Here was that man who, the last time I heard him, was discussing religious art before a large audience of appreciative people, down now in this Main street mission pleading with drunkards and bums to forsake sin and give themselves up to Jesus Christ their Savior; and scattered about in the audience were a number of wealthy business men who, when the opportunity was given, mingled with the besotted, or the happy-go-lucky fellows who had drifted into the meeting from the street, and pleaded with them to lead them to Christ.

It is the church that is doing this rescue work; and when she has snatched a man from the jaws of death she carries him up to higher ground and helps him to grow in grace, in self-respect, and in a knowledge of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

La Canada, California.

MINISTERS' MEETING.

Back to China.

The Rev. F. M. Price of Park Church. Berkeley, who returns soon to mission work in China, told last Monday in an impressive and touching manner the story of the divine leading of himself and wife again into the foreign missionary work.

It was in 1883 that they first went out. This was to China. One year later Mrs. Price's failing health made necessary their return to the homeland. After serving for some time as assistant pastor with the Rev. Mr. Schauffler in Cleveland, Ohio, they went again to China to the Shansi Mission, where they were instrumental in leading the workers up out of the slough of discouragement to a grand work for God. After five years Mr. Price broke down, and coming home and recuperating took up work in Bethlehem Church, Los Angeles. Three years later they went to the Micronesian work at Ruk. Untoward conditions were overcome there and a great work done. Polygamy left the islands never to return and war also. As the result of one revival Mr. Price baptized 526 converts. Later he was at Guam. His heart is in the foreign work, and on the 11th of October he and Mrs. Price will embark for Tai Ming Fu. a city in the far interior of North China. It is 400 miles from Peking, in a district heretofore untouched by missionary agency. Near the Wei River, it is reached by house-boat from Tientsin.

The Mission to which they go is known as the South Chih-li Mission. It was founded in 1896 by the Rev. Horace Houlding. The Mission has property valued at $50,000, an established headquarters in the large city of Tai Ming Fu, situated in the southwestern part of the province of Chih-li, an industrial farm of 100 acres, 19 American missionaries, 13 evangelists, three ordained preachers, 120 boys in the boarding school, 49 girls in the girls' boarding school and out stations in many villages.

In an announcement to their church and friends Mr. and Mrs. Price say: "We are in sympathy with the expressed ideals and obects of the Mission. They aim to establish a self-supporting, self-governing, self propagating Chinese church, and to train a native agency that will look to the native church for support. It is their purpose to live in apostolic simplicity, to use the products of the country for food and dress, so far as it is practicable, and to maintain a manner of life that will commend itself to the ordinary Chinese without tempting the cupidity of any. They have no definite, fixed salary and depend on the Master who sends them forth to provide for their needs. The promise in Phil. 4:19 has been verified in their case from the very first and while the manner of life has been strenuous, severely simple, it has for that reason brought the missionary in closer and more sympathetic touch with the Chinese than a more elaborate style could have secured. The object aimed at has not been cheapness but efficiency, and a conscientious use of funds committed to them with no thought of casting reproach on others who may prefer a different style of living.

"Above all we profoundly feel that God has spoken to us as to one of old, Hag. 2:23 and that necessity is laid upon us to preach the "good tidings' to the Chinese. We are assured that it is the call of God and we are confident that we are going forth, 'sent of the Holy Spirit.' Acts 13:14.

"For us to go to this field means for us to break away from the associations of the past, to have no relation whatever with the American Board and to depend upon what God's people in this country may send us for our support. Nothing but the profoundest assurance that Our Master calls us to devote the remainder of our lives to Him in service in that field, that He needs us right there, and that in going forth we are in the path of obedience to Him, could induce us to venture forth; as it is we go with the calmest assurance that He will raise up friends to us here at home and that we shall lack nothing. Luke 22:35; Matt. 6:33."

In his address at the meeting of the ministers on Monday Mr. Price spoke of the fine brotherly treatment accorded him by his ministerial brethren in this vicinity and made evident the fact that strong cords of love bound him to them and to the people in the church in Berkeley, to which he has ministered so lovingly and faithfully for several years.

These devoted servants of the Master will be missed widely hereabouts and many will be the prayers that will follow them to their far-away field.

Resolutions Concerning Dr. Adams.

The following in memory of the Rev. Dr. George C. Adams was read and adopted at the Monday meeting and a copy of the same sent to his family and church:

The Monday Ministers' Meeting desires to put on record its profound sense of bereavement in the death of the Rev. George C. Adams, D.D. No man could be missed more than he, for no man has felt and shown more love than he for his brethren in the ministry and their meetings for fellowship and work. So regular was he in atendance that we relied upon his presence and his utmost help. To each of us he was a personal friend, frank and faithful. We needed him, were helped by him, and are poor without him. We bear loving tribute to his noble Christian character, his unreserved devotion to Christ and the Church, his extraordinary adaptation to his pastorate in this city, his notable achievement in that field, his brave heart to the end, his blessed translation, unwasted by disease or age, from toil to reward. He has given his life for the restoration of the First Church and the redemption of San Francisco.

Further Meetings.

There will be no meeting next Monday, that being the date for the beginning of the Conference at Porterville. On Monday, October 3rd, the Rev. C. R. Brown is to speak, and on the 10th the Rev. O. W. Lucas.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Report of the meeting of the Woman's Home Missionary Union in Pilgrim Church, Oakland, will be printed next week.

Delegates to the State Conference at Porterville should get a receipt when they purchase their tickets. If fifty are secured a one-third rate will be given on return trip. This applies both to the Southern Pacific and the Santa Fe lines.

The lectures for 1911 on the Earl Foundation, Pacific Theological Seminary, are to be given by ex-President

Roosevelt. They will be given in the Greek Theater, this of course being the only auditorium that will accommodate the large crowds that will wish to hear this world-famous man. The lectures will be given the latter part of March or early in April.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA

Lincoln.—Two persons were received to membership Sunday by letter.

Green Street.—Green Street Church has the opposition of at least a dozen nickelodeons in the vicinity of the church.

Los Angeles, Salem.—The Rev. B. H. Deutepobler of Seattle has been called as pastor. He comes from the Evangelical Church.

San Francisco, Mayflower.—Some excellent books have been addded to the Sunday-school library. The receipts for church expenses this year are about 750 per cent higher than they were a year ago.

Pomona.—Three persons were received to membership at the last communion, one uniting on confession. The Rev. Albert P. Davis, the pastor, will go next to the National Council at Boston as a delegate from the Southern California Conference.

San Francisco, Richmond.—The church building is being put in shape at its new location and services are held now in the little chapel in which work was begun twenty-six years ago. A fine bell has been donated by a member of the congregation.

Colegrove.—Rev. E. Earnestus Haring was installed as pastor at Colegrove, September 15th, by Council. Rev. A. A. Kidder, moderator; installing prayer, Rev. O. Fanklin Thayer; charge to the pastor and right hand, Rev. F. W. Fairfield; address to the Church, Dr. Warren F. Day.

San Francisco, Park.—The expense budget is about $700 more this year than it was last year. Nevertheless Park Church goes on nicely in its first year of self-support. A letter sent out to those who occasionally miss attendance at the church services, telling them that we miss them, has proved advantageous.

Ocean View and Sunset.—The work is developing greatly under the leadership of the Rev. Mr. Charnock. Sunday evenings Mr. Charnock preaches both at Ocean View and Sunset. In the closing service at the point where the first meeting is held he has the aid of Mrs. Charnock and he departs for the other point as soon as he finishes the sermon.

Oakland, Plymouth.—The Sunday school reached an attendance of 305 on a recent Sunday. The Sunday kindergarten attendance, 30; Intermediate C. E. 49; Senior C. E. 33. The pastor is giving a series of Sunday evening sermons on "Representative Christians. Among them: Francis of Assizi—the Saint; George Gordon—the Soldier; Henry Drummond—the Scholar; William Henry Baldwin, Jr.—the Business Man.

Long Beach.—At a special business meeting, September 14th, the church voted to hold all services in the future in the building at 3rd and Cedar streets, formerly occupied by the First Church. Since the union of Plymouth and First Churches in February the morning service has been held in Plymouth Chapel and the evening services in the First Church. By this action the union of the two churches is consummated, and the united church looks forward with hope to a larger work.

Oakland, Market Street.—The Market Street property has been sold to the Southern Pacific Railroad Company for $26,000. The church building will be removed or torn down and the lot be made part of the right of way for an electric railway from the 16th street station to 14th and Franklin streets. After the payment of the $4,000 loan from the Church Building Society and a further indebtedness of $3,100, there will be left about $18,000 with which to buy another lot and build a new house of worship. Possession of the church building is not to be given for a few months yet. The question of a new location has not yet been considered by the church. This sale puts the church in excellent financial condition and is greatly for the good of Congregationalism in Oakland.

Monrovia.—In resuming our regular services the pastor begins his third year of "Sermons to the Junior Congregation" at the morning service. Three series of sermons are now being presented to the people at the usual services. Sunday morning: September 11, "Toiling in the Workshop of God"; September 18, "The Satisfactions of the Day's Toil"; September 25, "The Toiler's Dream." Sunday evening: "The Big West Country, or America's Stake for God"; September 18, "The Fever-Cry of the World, Something for Nothing, Games or Suicides"; September 25, "The Plague of Rubber Vertebrates, or the Need of a Man Tonic"; October 2, "A Lesson in Fine Arts, or Playing the Big Game." Each Wednesday evening the pastor conducts expository studies of the Bible beginning September with the Epistle of James. During July we completed a $600 addition to our church building.

Petaluma.—The annual meeting of the First Congregational Church of Petaluma was held Wednesday evening, September 7, all the tables being occupied at the excellent annual supper which preceded the meeting. The year was encouraging. It was reported that the present membership, including absentees, was 216. During the year $3,100 was expended in the work of the church. The attendance at services was good and often excellent, a large number of young people being in the audiences. The men's club has been active, sustaining its regular monthly male concert and in securing good speakers to address the community, the last being a "Literary Recital" by Prof. Lee Bassett of Leland Stanford University. Three members had taken their letters from the church during the year and two had passed to the other life—Mr. W. F. Cummings and Mrs. Harriet Case. The work among the young people has grown, supported by the Endeavor Society and Comfort Club. The ladies societies showed their usual excellent activity and have begun the fall work with enthusiasm. During the present pastorate of Rev. Robert Rogers the membership of the church has increased nearly fifty per cent and a new year is begun with wise and earnest consecration.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

(C. F. Clarke, Correspondent, 7212 Woodlawn Ave., Seattle.)

German Work.—Rev. J. C. Schabenland has been appointed by the S. S. and P. S. Missionary among the Germans of Wash., Ore., and Idaho.

Sultan.—Rev. A. L. Knudson has been here since June and during this time the church has installed new pews, built a porch and woodshed and made several other improvements. The attendance at both church and Sunday school is good and new members have been added. There is some talk of a parsonage.

Lowell.—From eight hundred to a thousand dollars is being raised to build a parsonage, renovate the church and pay off standing debts. This will put the church on a solid basis and it is expected that under the guidance of Mr. Cunningham our work here will be very prosperous.

Seattle, Plymouth.—Plymouth begins the season with great hopes—several additions at the first communion, largely attended prayer-meetings and a Sunday-school in fine condition. All departments are renewing their activities. Plymouth is twelfth in membership among the Congregational Churches of America, having rapidly forged to this place since the coming of Dr. Van Horn a little over four years ago.

Plummer.—Services have been started here in a tent and a temporary organization effected. It will probably be some time before the town becomes very substantial, but there are a number of people there now and they are welcoming the work. We are first on the field and the church should be in good condition by the time the town becomes fully established. The work will be yoked with Tekoa under the care of Mr. Waters.

Hartford.—Rev. Ernest M. Smith has been here a few weeks and has renewed the life of the church, congregations are now large and the outlook is very promising. A larger piece of ground may be obtained and the church moved to it and a parsonage built. There is also talk of building a $1,500 hall for Y. M. C. A. work, but under control of the Congregational Church. This is rather a large undertaking and may not be put through at once.

Malden.—Rev. C. H. Nellor has cared for this work a year and a half, preaching Sunday afternoons. The church has built a very attractive little edifice on leased lots, those belonging to the church being too far out for present use. Malden is the largest and liveliest of the new towns on the Milwaukee in Washington. It already has 1,000 people and good business blocks. The time has come to give full services here and we are looking for the right man.

Arlington.—The church has secured the exclusive use of a new hall, much more pleasant than the former one, and as they have it for prayer-meetings and other occasions the work can be carried on more effectively. Lots have been bought for church edifice and a large amount also been raised toward the building, which will cost about $8,000. This is an ambitious undertaking for this church for it was organized less than four years ago and has a membership of less than fifty, we believe. Rev. H. W. Johnson has done very excellent work and we wish him and the church continued success.

Douglas.—Many improvements have been made in and around the building during the summer, grading, lawn planting, painting, etc. Dr. H. C. Mason of the University Church, Seattle, preached one Sunday and gave his lecture on "The New Beatitude," under the auspices of the Douglas Island Men's Club, and repeated it at Juneau. This visit was of great help to the church. Rev. Geo. N. Edwards, the pastor, has started the first chapter of the Knights of King Arthur in Alaska. Part of their summer's fun was a six day camp. The services and Sunday-school were maintained all through the summer. The work is in a more prosperous condition than it has been before and its permanency is now assured.

Northern Idaho.—Our work was interfered with for a time by the forest fires but not impaired at all. It so happened that Supt. Scudder and Rev. Mr. Hershner of the S. S. S. were there at the worst of the fires and were consequently unable to do much but hold a few conferences with the few pastors on the fields and the more interested laymen. While Mr. Scudder was at Burke word was received that the fire had reached Wallace. Fearing that some papers of importance which he had left there might be burned, Mr. Scudder walked the eight miles to find the fire stopped in front of his hotel. The papers were safe but his grip had disappeared in the confusion. Burke and Mullan will be yoked as soon as a pastor can be found.

Ministers' Meeting, Seattle.—The first meeting of the season was held at Plymouth church September 12th. About two-thirds of the members were present. Since the last meeting there have been no changes in the Seattle pastorates. Dr. Smith has called our attention to the remarkable prosperity of the Seattle churches and attributes this largely to the permanency of our pastorates. Plans were laid for a farewell service to missionaries at Plymouth Church, which will be reported in the next communication. Encouraging report was given by Mr. Henry concerning the progress of the new building for Beacon Hill Church. The officers for the coming year are: Moderator, C. F. Clarke; Vice, C. E. Newberry; Secretary-Treasurer, M. H. Frost. Dr. Freeland was selected to convey the deep sorrow of this body and their sympathy to Mrs. Adams. Dr. Adams was well known and much loved by the Seattle ministers.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

Rev. J. Morgan Lewis, of White Salmon, Washington, has accepted a call to the Scappoose church and is now on the field.

Rev. Harry A. Snyder has accepted a call to Willsburg, and is already at work. He formerly served the church at Washougal, Washington.

Rev. Charles F. Aue, of Bloomfield, N. J., a recent graduate of Union seminary, has been called to the Beaverton and Oswego churches.

It is expected that a call will soon be extended by the Corvallis church to Rev. E. T. Shannon, of Brookfield Ill.

The fall term of Pacific University will open next Wednesday. Rev. W. M. Proctor, of the Oregon City Congregational church, will deliver an address. All vacancies in the teaching staff have been provided for. Prof. A. G. DuMez, assistant professor of chemistry in the University of Wisconin for three years, will have charge of the chemistry course; Prof. Leslie B. Shippe, of Providence, R.

I., a graduate of Brown University, will occupy the chair of history and economics; Prof. W. G. Harrington, also a graduate of Brown University, and of the Emerson school of oratory, will have charge of the department of public speaking; Prof. Earle D. West, an alumnus of the Ohio State University, will have the chair of mathematics; Charles O. Couville, the new athletic director, comes from Salt Lake.

The new gymnasium, completed the past year at a cost of $30,000, is one of the finest structures of the kind west of the Rocky mountains. It is well equipped with all the furnishings necessary in gymnasium work.

Funds for the new Carnegie library, to cost $30,000, have been nearly raised, and the work of building will begin early in the spring. The library of Pacific University, now in Marsh hall, contains 15,000 volumes, and $20,000 will be spent for new books in a short time after the library building is finished.

Prof. W. D. Ferguson, who has just returned from the East, reports having met with much encouragement in the matter of raising funds for the university.

Capt. H. F. Beecher, a son of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, so long the pastor of Plymouth church, Brooklyn, N. Y., has been a pilot in Puget Sound waters most of the time since 1885. He came to this city a few days ago on business. His home is in Port Townsend, Washington.

The forty-ninth annual State fair of Oregon closed last evening. It surpassed all previous State fairs in excellence of exhibits and attendance.

It is reported by officials of the Forestry service that one billion feet of lumber has been destroyed in Oregon by fire this season. It is my opinion that the loss is greatly overstated. I have been in a number of the regions where great damage has been reported, and have failed to find any timber destroyed which was suitable for converting into lumber. It is true that there have been a good many fires, but in every case coming under my personal observation the fires were a positive benefit instead of an injury, as all the timber that was merchantable on the tracts burned over had previously been removed. It is true that in a few localities serious damage resulted to settlers by the destruction of their homes; but in a large measure this loss could have been averted if reasonable and necessary precautions had been taken when the fires were first started.

Portland, September 18, 1910.

THE SAN FRANCISCO ASSOCIATION.

A meeting of fine fellowship was held in the church at Mill Valley last Thursday.

Professor Tolson spoke on the Bible teaching as to prayer, showing how in the life and teaching of Jesus prayer was central, and pointing out the important place it should have in Christian lives in this day and age of the world.

The Rev. B. M. Palmer told in a touching and impressive way the story of the California Indians. Three hundred years ago there were more Indians in California than in all the remainder of the country now forming the United States. When the Jesuits came in the latter part of the eighteenth century there were at 200,000 Indians here. Now there are left only about 17,000. Largely they are without the gospel.

In showing that the Indians are responsive to Christian teaching Mr. Palmer quoted from Mr. Drahms, who was for many years chaplain at San Quentin, as having said that an Indian convict converted there and afterward pardoned became the saintliest man he had ever known.

Speaking on "The Supreme Theme of Our Preaching," the Rev. W. E. Lawson said that communion with God is the one necessity of man's life, and the tremendous power of the personal influence of Jesus must be the central thing in preaching.

The evening was given mainly to an able address by Professor Bade of Pacific Theological seminary—"My Italian Impressions."

The invitation of Park church for the next meeting was accepted.

The Rev. George Hinman was chosen delegate to the National Council, and it was left to the moderator and registrar to secure a lay delegate if possible.

Deacon Hays and the Rev. E. L. Walz were nominated for corporate membership of the American Board.

The Rev. Marshall Meserve was granted a letter of transfer to the Upper Bay Association, and the Rev. Huber Burr was admitted to membership by letter from the Sacramento Association.

A half hour in the evening was given to a service in memory of Dr. Adams, at which time many spoke of his helpfulness to them personally and of his great worth widely.

A committeee, consisting of the Revs. J. A. Cull, B. F. Sangent and Mr. Charles H. Ham, was appointed to frame resolutions concerning Dr. Adams, and the following was presented and adopted:

WHEREAS, Almighty God, in His providence has seen fit to remove from our midst Rev. George C. Adams, D. D.

And whereas, we his brethren of the San Francisco Association deeply feel the loss of his presence from amongst us

Therefore, be it resolved, that the sympathy of this association be extended to Mrs. Adams and the other members of the family at this time of grief.

Resolved, That we sorrow with the First Congregational church and mourn with them the loss of a pastor who has in the providence of God twice carried them through crucial experiences.

Resolved, That as an association we miss his presence, his wise counsel and his wholesome optimism.

Resolved, That we deplore the loss to the State of one whose breadth of vision, catholicity of spirit and enthusiastic leadership made him an acceptable worker with Jew and gentile, Protestant and Catholic for the unbuilding of the kingdom of God in this great commonwealth. And further be it

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this association; that a copy be sent to the family and that they be published in the Pacific.

THE FROLICSOME FRIARS AND THE "FILOSOFER."

Shelton Bissell.

When Poeton of the Little Landers had made an end of gathering together the "disjecta membra" of the child of his intellectual travail, he turned to the friars who had so blithely done the operating, and casually remarked that he had a neighbor who was a "filosofer," who would be glad to offer himself as the next victim. Thereupon, with ghoulish glee, the friars voted to put the fire beneath the "filosofer," if the auguries were auspicious, at the very next meeting. That there could be malice aforethought in the heart of the lamb-like Poeton, no one present imagined. For he had been the latest one to be admitted to that convivial circle, and must, of course, be on his good behavior. But the sequel proved the undoing of his tormenters.

A benighted and mystified public is to understand by the foregoing, that the congenial and sociable and very select group of Congregational ministers of San Diego and vicinity, known inappropriately by the name of "Friars," had just finished handling without gloves a very carefully wrought out but quite impracticable paper on "The Universal Church," read by the aforementioned Poeton. This was in Thorp's room in the University Club, where we were wont to bestow our distinguished attention and exercise upon trenchant analytical faculties upon any literary production which the previously appointed con-frere might have the temerity to display before us. The club had taken the usual liberties of the Higher Critic with Poeton, rather wondering what he found to box up as relics of the fray, after assault was over. Nevertheless, Poeton had "made good,' and his invitation to meet at Little Landers next time, and put his unsuspecting "filosofer" on the coals, met with hearty approval.

Monday. Sept. 12, the 8:55 a. m. car on the San Diego & Southern Railroad was honored with the presence of the following quartet of clergy: Willard B. Thorp, the original and perpetual High Exalted Friar; Stephen G. Emerson, the safe and sane and cautious Vice-Exalted Friar; Clifford N. Hand, the piratically-whiskered, lemon-devouring Double Sub-Friar, and Shelton Bisesll, the reckless, feckless, heretical Scribbling Friar. At Chula Vista there swung onto the car that true piece of Britannia metal, Edward Maclellan, imported direct from England, and therefore the Archetypal Friar. The metropolitan friars, Thorp and Emerson, with brutal nerve, had marked their superiority to their bucolic brethren, by encasing their manly forms in khaki. The taunts and jibes of their more convetionally clad associates, they bore with suspicious meekness. But soon the smile shifted from the mockers to the mocked. A four-mile walk lay beyond the trolley terminal,—a walk in a land to which asphalt, macaddam, flag, concrete and other urban necessities were utterly alien. Soon khaki, cheviot, wool and tweed looked alike, for "unto dust the friars had come," and they anticipated that "unto dust they must return, "before they might climb aboard the friendly trolley again.

Even as weary Thespians, egg-stained and bankrupt, count the railroad ties with blistered feet, so the stranded friars, seeking a country they knew not of, plodded on to the Little Landers. "Railroads, everywhere and not a car to ride!" Construction train after construction train roared past the trampers, intent on pushing the new Arizona line into the wilderness. But not a friar could drop salt on the tail of the caboose. While straggling along over t trestle, chanting a Gregorian hymn to keep their courage from flagging—for no train would stop even if it did flag—the devoted company beheld a pre-historic engine drawing nine flat cars and a converted box-car, thundering down grade upon them. All gave themselves up for lost, but by Herculean efforts foru of them reached the end of the trestle before the train met them. But Friar Hand, where is he? Out in the middle of the bridge, with the howling iron monster almost on him! There seems to be no hope. His brethren close their eyes to shut out the tragedy. A shout from the victim arouses them. With a cry, "Take my remainders back to Lemon Grove," he flings his arms over his head and leaps full four feet—down, down to the hard, unfeeling bed of the arroyo. The train roars by and with paeons of rejoicing the little company greet their brother back from the jaws of death.

To celebrate this deliverance, a humble feed-provision-dry goods-hardware-jewelry store is raided, and ice-cold pop and zu-zus are hurled down each dry and shriveled throat. An inquiry at this point elicits the interesting geographical information that Little Landers has been marching on ahead of the friars, for whereas on leaving the trolley the goal was only four miles away, it is now nearly five. But the friars only settled their pop and zu-zus the more firmly in their final resting places, wiped the dust from each eagle eye, and bravely pushed on. At last Mexico appears, looking so like the United States, that to an uninitiated and profane observer, the two countries might easily be confused. But the friars know better, having studied the metaphysics of the soil and the air, in preparation for that "Filosofer." Hailing with delight the unmistakable signs of Mexico, the friars feel reasonably sure that they are near the end of the United States, and hence the environs of the Little Landers must be soon in sight.

A group of tents and wooden buildings, that is Little Landers. A sun-burned bald spot, surmounting an expansive smile—that is Poeton. Besides him stands Patriarchal Friar, E. E. P. Abbott, who has "chug-chugged" down from San Diego in an auto. And there is Friar John Doane, at present vegetating in the fig-growing country. He is here, clad in a long gray duster. With them is the "piece de-resistance"--the "filosofer." The friars feel that their time is at hand, and to brace themselves for the intellectual heavy artillery fire, wet up on watermelon just picked off the Little Landers real estate. And then, seizing a chair, each friar repairs to a Jonah's booth, where with bowed heads and huddled forms they give ear to the "filosofer." Great is the slaughter at his hands. His theme is "Pragmatism and Religion," and the awe with which the holy men attend is increased four-fold when they realize that here before them is a flesh-and-blood, book-writing professor, once at Vassar and then at the University of Cincinnati. Still there is no shirking. "Theirs not to reason why." That is the function of the "filosofer." Theirs but to do and die." And it is done. At 1:22 p. m., after a bombardment of fifty-five minutes the battle is over. Conscious of new corrugations in their cerrebellums, the chastened friars retire to chicken, salmon, bread, potato-salad, cake and coffee, served in Friar Poeton's tent. Dinner lightens the weight on the guests' minds, even as it increases the weight on their stomachs, and afer the repast, a few seeking the solace of the fragrant weed, the return attack upon the paper is made by the humble friars. But they have long ago recognized the day of Poeton's vengeance for the assassinated contribution a month ago on "The Universal Church." The clergy throws up the sponge and the pedagog gets the decision. But though vanquished the friars are magnanimous, and unanimously enroll the "filosofer" among their number. And walking home, "sadder but wiser men," the reverend tramps resolve to seek immediate intercourse with Aristotle, DeCartes, Spinoza, and those other worthies in the gentle art of mystification, before ever again they sit down to listen to a twentieth century professor of "filosofy" discourse on any "ism" which he may produce from his locker.

OUR PASTOR.

To Rev. George C. Adams, D.D., on his 60th Birthday, March 7, 1910, by Mary W. Bennett.

Near yonder bay, where oft the sunset's glow,
In deepest rainbow tints, its colors throw
O'er softly rolling waves or breakers high,
And sinking sun unites the earth and sky—
There, where such views inspire and rest the mind,
Our pastor's home and welcome, you will find.
"A man he is to all the country dear,"
With ever ready sympathy and cheer;
His genial smile and hearty hand-clasp give
A brighter hope, life seems worth while to live;

Intent to find the best each heart doth hold
The good is mentioned faults are left untold;
Striving to lift each heart, where it can know
How golden is the cloud, that's dark below;
His fold to strengthen, little lambs to feed,
He gently shows the way, and takes the lead.
And as the Master labored 'ere he taught,
So he, at manual labor oft hath wrought.
Each talent using, by his works to show,
That happy thoughts, in healthy bodies grow.
Thus busy; many years have quickly sped,
'Till now three-score have settled on his head.
Yet Time, on him so lightly leaves its trace,
It seems to add more power, nobler grace;
While aptly chosen words express each thought,
These are the gems experience has bought;
Quick to discern, as quickly to decide,
The years have left him young, and true, and tried;
While all his friends hope that another score
May leave him well, and with us as before.

The Home.

AT OUR BEST.

Have you ever noticed the change it makes
In a woman's face
And her heart and her life, that were cold and dull
And slightly inclined to commonplace,
When love shines on them? How there breaks
Over her nature a wave of gold,
Bringing out beauty unknown before,
Mellowing, widening more and more,
Lifting her up till her eyes behold
Ever new blooms for her hands to cull,
So she and her life grow beautiful?
O, there's never a woman, east or west,
But must live in love's sunshine
To live her best. —Clara W. Bronson.

THE WEEKLY MESSAGE.

The deepest of human longings is just to be wanted. This is why the world so often seems a lonely and unattractive place to old people, and why they so often pray to leave it. One by one their friends depart, and, although they may be very lovable, because of lack of opportunity, old people do not make many new friends. One cannot know unless he has lived with one of them how much they appreciate being told that they are loved, and how necessary it is to repeat the little kindnesses that it is one's power to confer on them.

The constant repetition of little attentions counts more to most old people than an isolated attention or gift that would to a younger person bulk very large. And this because the very aged person forgets from day to day, and even from hour to hour, what has been said to and done for them. I know one old man who has four sons. One of these sons is a man whose hair is almost as white as his father's, but for twenty years he has never missed a week in which he did not send his father a letter. The father, I believe, while he retains a strong affection for all his sons,, is particularly tender toward the one who remembers him in this simple fashion. Often the letter is not perhaps particularly interesting; often, indeed, it has to be hurriedly written, but no matter what comes or goes the letter always in the postoffice on its accustomed day and always serves as a reminder that the old father has been in his son's thoughts that week. The other sons visit the father more frequently, coming long distances to do so, but though their visits are enjoyed and appreciated, they are sooner or later forgotten, while the weekly letter is an oft-recurring source of satisfaction and pleasure.—Exchange.

THE SIGNBOARD THAT SAYS "BE KIND."

"If I cannot make people feel better, I certainly am not going to make them feel worse," remarked a lady, recently. I thought: "What a fine motto to live by!" I know a young woman who is a positive terror to her best friends because of her sharp tongue. She believes in "speaking her mind." She says caustic things about her best friends, and then wonders why she has not more friends. She complains that she is not popular, but does not realize that she alone is the cause of her lack of popularity. She "drives tacks," so to speak, into everybody she meets, her sharp tongue being the hammer.

"Words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver," we are told by the sage of olden times; and no truer words were ever spoken. Like the dear woman who said, "If I can't make people feel better, I certainly won't make them feel worse," we can always find something pleasant to say if we try.

"What a shabby buggy your friend drives in!" remarked this "driver-of-tacks" lady. I winced, of course, and did not take the trouble to inform her that my friend was more able to buy a fine buggy than she, had she wished to do so, but was using her money for nobler purposes. We never know the inside of people"s lives. With Ella Wheeler Wilcox, we may say:

"Where are you going? Never mind:
Just follow the signboard that says 'Be kind.'
Do the duty that nearest lies:
That is the road to paradise."

—Kind Words.

YOURSELF.

Selfishness is a mean and hateful spirit from which nearly all the meanness and wickedness in the world spring. The selfish man, who lives for himself alone, without regard to the interests or rights of others, wastes his own life and wrecks his own soul. We are all indebted to others for what we are, whether bad or good. "None of us liveth unto himself."

Yet let no one deceive you by the modern doctrine of losing one's self in the mass, as a drop of water is lost and swallowed up in the sea. According to the new gospel the community is everything and the individual is nothing. Each one must give up all his own conscience and will and judgment and personality for the municipality, the community, the corporation or the union. This is not the teaching of the Bible nor of common sense. Each one must make the most of himself for the sake of the others, and by serving others he will make the most of himself.

The chief problem for each one is himself. This is an age of problems. Everyone has his problem. But your problem is not the race problem, nor the labor problem, nor the slum problem, nor the problem of corporate wealth. Your chief problem is yourself. What are you? What are you here for? What are your capabilities? What can you do? What are you doing? What is your destiny? Until these questions have been intelligently answered you cannot do much with any other. It is possible for one to become so much interested in many things as to overlook the one thing which is most important and nearest home. "Know thyself," said the old Greek philosopher. "Take heed to thyself," said the Christian apostle.

Your most dangerous enemy is not Satan nor the world,

but yourself. Someone may doubt this. He may say, "I am good to myself. I can trust myself. I am my best friend." But were you never deceived in yourself? Did you never follow the devices of your own heart to your own hurt? Self is a deceitful enemy. One may think he is doing the very best for himself when he is doing the very worst.

An enemy I had, whose mien
I stoutly strove, in vain, to know;;
For hard he dogged my steps, unseen,
Wherever I might go.
My plans he balked; my aims he foiled;
He blocked my every onward way.
When for some lofty good I toiled,
He grimly said me nay.
Come forth, I cried. Lay bare thy guise,
Thy wretched features I would see.
Yet always to my straining eyes
He dwelt in mystery;;
Until one night I held him fast,
The veil from off his form did draw;
I gazed upon his face at last—
And lo, myself I saw.

Our Young People

TWO LITTLE KITTENS.

Two little kittens, one stormy night,
Began to quarrel and then to fight;
One had a mouse, the other had none,
And that was the way the quarrel begun.

"I'll have that mouse," said the biggest cat,
"You'll have that mouse? We'll see about that."
"I'll have that mouse," said the eldest son.
"You shan't have that mouse," said the little one.

I told you before 'twas a stormy night
When these two little kittens began to fight;
The old woman seized her sweeping broom
And swept the two kittens right out of the room.

The ground was covered with frost and snow,
And the two little kittens had nowhere to go;
So they laid them down on the mat at the door,
While the old woman finished sweeping the floor.

Then they both crept in, as quiet as mice,
All wet with snow and cold as ice;
For they found it was better, that stormy night,
To lie down to sleep, than to quarrel and fight.

GEODES.

In the vicinity of Keokuk, Iowa, and Hamilton, Illinois, there occur many beautiful caves. Big caves, like the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky? Not at all. These are tiny little caves, so small that you can actually pick up a cave and carry it away in your pocket!

Beautiful is a mild word for these rare stones. They are wonderful, when you know the story of their making.

Look in the museum the next time you visit it, and you may see some of these miniature caves; for they have been shipped from here to museums and private collectors all over the country. Better still, visit this locality and let us have the fun of finding them for ourselves.

Perhaps you have read of the water that drips from the roofs and walls and leaves hanging from above long icicle shaped pendants? This water has trickled through the earth for a long time, and in its travels has dissolved some lime from the limestone rock. When you say that well water is "hard," you mean the same thing: that it contains lime and other minerals which it dissolved as it flowed through the rocks of the earth. Now, when this water flows through the walls of a cave—which is merely a hollow space in the rock—some of this mineral in the water is deposited as crystals when the water itself flows away or evaporates.

Similarly, if you would dissolve some salt in a glass of water, you could not see the salt; but, if you left this glass standing for a long time, the water would evaporate, and the salt would remain as crystals in the bottom of the glass.

Let us return to our story of the caves. The water, seeping into a cavity, evaporates when exposed to the air, or it flows away and leaves behind it a lining of mineral crystals all within the walls.

Geodes are little caves, crystallized. They are found occasionally in different parts of the world, but are nowhere so abundant as in the "Keokuk limestones," which they characterize. You may dig a gray stone ball, from a fraction of an inch to a foot and a half in diameter, out of the shaley limestone of the Mississippi river bluffs or creek banks, or you may pick them up from the stream beds where they have been washed down by the same storms and weathering that are digging out the stream courses themselves.

"Cobblestones," you may say, if you are accustomed to regions of worn and rounded rocks of glacial shaping. But break it. Crack it gently. Did you notice that it was rather light in weight for its size? That is because it is hollow. Crack! What a beauty! The geode proves to be a hollow sphere, a ball all lined with sparkling, six-sided, transparent crystals of quartz. In some localities such crystals have been old as "diamonds."

Try this one, now. It reveals an inner surface, milky or bluish or yellow in color, and raised into little grape-shaped mounds. This geode is of chalcedony, a modification of quartz.

Still other geodes are lined or solidly filled with crystalline calcite (or lime), in several shapes peculiar to calcite crystals,—six-sided with a pyramid tip, and rhombohedral, which is of the shape a box is when you have pushed its sides until the angles are no longer right angles.

Here is a geode which is not so pretty, for it is simply filled with a brown powder; but it is as interesting, for this is iron oxide, like iron rust. The one beside it contains a white powder which looks like flour. That is a compound of aluminum. Other geodes contain zinc blende, iron pyrites (or "fools' gold"). In this region only, so far as is known, are found those very rare geodes containing nickel in hairlike crystals. The Museum of the State University of Iowa contains several of these scarce nickel crystals imbedded in geodes of other minerals.

Long, long ago, so the scientists think, the water which slowly percolated through those shaly limestones dissolved some of the rock and left many small cavities, for this limestone is of uneven quality. Perhaps this water had carbonic acid gas in it, and this made it dissolve minerals from the rock even more easily.

Later, other water flowing through this same rock—for water is always moving through the rock of the earth as well as through the loose soil—began, instead of dissolving more rock, to deposit its minerals over the inside of these cavities. Whatever minerals this water contained, whether lime or iron or quartz, etc., determined the nature of the geode. A geode is usually formed of several concentric layers, and, if different parts of it be formed at different times, it may contain three or four minerals. The outer crust is nearly always of quartz, in the form of chalcedony. The most common crystals are of quartz and calcite, as these are the most abundant minerals of the region.

Geodes may be broken entire from the shaly limestone and calcareous shales and clays in which they occur. The thin-shelled ones are usually the most beautiful, and they may be determined without breaking, by testing them in your hand to note their relative weight. Rarely we find the geodes lined with quartz crystals and containing within the hollow, closed ball a tiny ball all covered with beautiful crystals like those lining the outer shell.

Have I told you anything of the age of these geodes? Let us see. We speak of some white-haired people as "old." Perhaps they have lived sixty or seventy years; but is that "old"?

How about the town you live in? It has been founded fifty or a hundred or two hundred years, and before that there was no town where you now live. Our nation has existed as a nation only since the Declaration of Independence, about one hundred and thirty years ago, and it has been only about four centuries since Columbus discovered America to the Old World people. Is that a long time?

If you hold a geode in your hand, you can think of it as older than any person you ever knew, older than your town or your nation, formed before America was known to Europe. These beautiful crystals are probably thousands of years old, made in the earth before the first men existed on top of the earth! Each geode may have been many years in the making, so that some crystals in the same geode may be centuries older than others, the first-formed being in the outer part of the crust.

Geodes, you see, are beautiful, rare and old. When you go walking in the country, see whether you have anything so beautiful among the "old things" of your own neighborhood.—Christian Register.

THE HAPPY DAY.

The twins were wishing for things. They often did that, and when they went back to their playthings somehow everything went wrong. The toys were not nice and the dolls had ugly clothes and the books were ragged, and nothing was very pleasant. Mamma never liked to have Max and Molly begin the wishing game, but the children played that nearly every day.

"I wish Geraldine Matilda had a long, white silk train and a trunk full of pretty clothes," said Molly, taking the poor old doll up with a jerk. "Geraldine Matilda, you are a perfect fright." The dolly was too polite to hint that Molly had allowed her to stay out in a rainstorm and ruin the only dress she had, so the little girl went on with her unkind remarks. "I guess I'll put you in the next missionary barrel and send you way way off. You aren't fit for anybody but heathen folks to play with.

"Why don't you wish for something nice?" said Max. "Who cares for old doll clothes? I wish we could do exactly as we please all day. That would be fun, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, it would," said Molly, tossing the poor doll into a corner. "I'd stay up late in the evening and not go to bed till midnight, and I'd—"

"And I'd have candy and popcorn and peanuts and"—interrupted Max.

"And I'd play in the dirt without having to wash my hands. What a happy day we'd have!"

"Well, you can have a happy day if you want," said mamma, who had been listening. "Of course, ou can not go downtown by yourselves, but you may have your wishes granted as far as possible if you think you will have a happy day."

"Goody! Goody! Goody!" screamed the twins. "Let's go out and paddle."

There had been a little shower, and the gutters were brimming with water. The twins were soon having a fine time dabbling in the mud, with no one to tap on the window and tell them to be careful. Their clothes were soiled, and they had mud in their hair, but all the time they were laughing and having a good time together.

"Now, let's have some candy and cookies," said Mollie, after a long time spent in splashing and playing in the water. "I'm hungry."

"Come children," called Miss Ethel, from across the garden fence. "You know this is the day we are to have our long ride on the trolley and eat our lunch at that pretty house out in the country where we pick flowers. Hurry up, for we want to start in half an hou.r"

The twins looked at each other and then at Miss Ethel. "We'll have to get mamma to wash us up," said Molly. "We forgot all about the ride."

"I never could get you ready in half an hour," said their mamma. "You said you would be happier if you didn't have to be washed, so run and have a good time."

"It isn't a happy day at all," sobbed Max. "The sand in my hair doesn't feel good, and I'd rather have clean hands to eat cookies. I wish I had been a good boy."

"And I wish I never had wished," wailed Molly.

"What's all this?" asked Miss Ethel. "I'll get Molly ready if Mrs. Pope will attend to Max. You can go without your hats, and the hot sun will soon dry your hair. Don't cry."

So it turned out to be a happy day after all, but the twins did not fret about the things they had to give up to go to the little picnic. And since that time they never play the wishing game any more, nor tease to do as they please all day. Can you guess why?—Herald and Presbter.

SELECT READINGS.

Everyday faithfulness makes noble men and noble women.

The old adversary has his hooks in the man who speaks of sin as a small thing.

Suffering, it was said by Aristotle, becomes beautiful when anyone bears great calamities with cheerfulness; not through insensibility, but through greatness of mind.

I hold this thing to be grandly true,
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifing the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view.

MILLS COLLEGE.
EASTERN SUBURBS OF OAKLAND

CALIFORNIA.

Only Woman's College on Pacific Coast. Offers same advantages as best Eastern institutions. Full collegiate courses leading to degrees. Entrance and graduation requirements equivalent to those of Stanford and University of California. For one year only, last class of Seminary Department, offering preparation for any college, will be continued. Special opportunities for music, art, library study, and home economics. Christian, but non-sectarian. Extensive and beautiful grounds and buildings. Fall Semester opens August 17, 1910. For catalogue address President

LUELLA CLAY CARSON, LL. D.,
Mills College P. O., California.

Free Kindergarten Normal School

of the
Golden Gate Kindergarten Association

Accredited by State Board of Education

The 19th year begins in July and the Kindergarten reopens this year, July 25.

Miss Virginia Fitch, President
Miss Anna M. Stovall, Principal
Address: 1617 California St., Room 7, San Francisco, Cal.

"OUR TOTAL CHRISTIANITY"

—By—

REV. CHARLES R. BROWN

Pastor First Congregational Church
Oakland, California

Price 30 cents.

Single sermons, pamphlet form, uniform size, 12 each by mail.

WOOD & COWDREY
Publishers and Agents
876 Broadway, - - Oakland, Cal.
Price List Sent Upon Request

PACIFIC THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

—Located at—

Berkeley, Seat of the University of California.

Curriculum modern, thorough, practical. Valuable University advantages free. Open to qualified students of any denomination. Location and climate unexcelled. Expenses low. Year opens August 23, 1910. Address President,

J. K. McLEAN, D.D.

JUST A LITTLE BETTER

San Francisco

Overland Limited

SOUTHERN PACIFIC—UNION PACIFIC

Ticket Offices:

Flood Building, 422 Powell
Market Street Ferry Depot

Broadway and 13th Sts, Oakland

READ—

ARIZONA, THE 47TH STAR
By Governor Richard E. Sloan.
FREMONT AND THE BEAR FLAG WAR,
By William Simpson
Now on sale at all news stands
In SUNSET MAGAZINE for September
15 cents.

POMONA COLLEGE

Claremont, Cal.

JAMES A. BLAISDELL, D.D., President

A Christian College for young men and women. Courses leading to the degree of B. A. or B. S.

Schools of Music and of Art.

For catalogue, etc., address,

THE CATHARINE

Edwin C. Norton, Ph.D., Dean
1589 Sacramento Street
MRS. KATE S. HART, PROPRIETOR

Formerly manager of the Ramona, a quiet, home-like house. Rooms have buffet kitchens, where persons can do light housekeeping. Hot water day and night. From Third and Townsend take Ellis street cars and transfer at Lakin. From Ferry take Sacramento St. cars.

OAKLAND KINDERGARTEN TRAINING CLASS

2119 Allston Way, Berkeley, Room D

(State Accredited List)

Regular Course two years. Special Classes for Mothers and Nursery Helpers. Fall Term will open September 6th.

Address,
Miss Grace Everett Bernard.

BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE

—Dealers in—

PAPER

1400-1450 Fourth St., Cor. Michigan, San Francisco, Cal.
242 to 248 S. Los Angeles Street, Los Angeles, Cal.